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## 'M.P.'

### THE TRIBULATIONS AND ADVANTAGES OF LEGISLATORS.

THE hurlyburly of the General Election is over; the six hundred and seventy members who constitute the House of Commons have been duly returned; and now that the excitement and fever of the electoral campaign have abated, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to consider the pleasures and sorrows of a Member of Parliament.

Lord Macaulay has given us a graphic description of what he calls 'the tedious and exhaustive routine' of an M.P.'s political life during the sitting of Parliament. 'Waiting whole evenings to vote,' he says, 'and then walking half a mile at a foot's pace round and round the crowded lobbies; dining amidst clamour and confusion, with a division twenty minutes long between two of the mouthfuls; trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw; and sitting behind Ministers in the centre of a closely-packed bench during the hottest week of the London summer.' If this were a complete picture of parliamentary life, if M.P.s were such slaves and martyrs to duty as Macaulay (who was himself in Parliament) would have us believe, it would indeed be difficult to understand why a seat in the House of Commons should be regarded as the highest object of ambition, and be sighed for, and schemed for, and fought for by thousands of able and wide-awake men. Above all, one would be at a loss to comprehend the action of men who, like Macaulay himself, having had experience of parliamentary life—of its hard and thankless work, of the mental strain it involves, and of its physical inconveniences and discomforts—labour unceasingly, night and day, during the three weeks or a month the General Election lasts, and spend thousands of pounds in inducing the electors to send them back again to the

weary and dreary round of routine tasks at Westminster. But the truth is that Macaulay has given only the dark features of parliamentary life. There is a bright side to the picture also. The work of an M.P. is hard, but, as we shall see presently, it has its compensations.

The tribulations of a Member of Parliament are undoubtedly many. Dark as is the picture drawn by Macaulay, it could easily be made more forbidding. In the first place, the initial cost of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons is always great. Candidates are obliged by the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883 (which has fixed a maximum scale of electioneering expenses, varying in amount according to the extent and character of the constituency) to furnish a return of their expenses; and according to a Blue-book on the subject—issued in connection with the General Election of 1892—it appears that close on a million of money was spent by the one thousand three hundred and seven candidates who fought for seats in the House of Commons in that electoral campaign. The average expenses of the six hundred and seventy successful candidates were about seven hundred pounds each. But that does not, as a rule, represent a third of the financial cost of the honour and dignity of the office of Member of Parliament. Before the contest takes place, the constituency has to be 'nursed,' with a view to securing the good-will and support of the electors. 'Nursing' is a very expensive process. Many a man has spent from one thousand to five thousand pounds a year, for two or even five years before the General Election, in the constituency he aspires to represent. A newspaper has often been run by a prospective candidate at a tremendous loss, ostensibly for the laudable object of supplying the electors with news, but really to keep prominently before them the virtues of the man who is wooing their suffrages, and the grandeur and magnificence of the political principles he supports.

And this process of 'nursing' does not end

with the election of the 'nurse' to the House of Commons. Gratitude, which is well defined, in electioneering matters at least, as a lively sense of favours to come, makes it incumbent on the M.P. to pay careful attention to the wants and wishes of his constituents. He cannot afford to ignore a request from even the humblest and obscurest of electors. His popularity depends, in a greater or less degree, on his mode of dealing with communications from constituents. And knowing the dependent and trammelled position, in that respect, of their member, his constituents make the most extravagant and unreasonable demands on his time and purse. Some idea of the enormous amount of correspondence which Members of Parliament have to deal with at the House of Commons itself, may be gathered from the statement that something like thirty-two thousand letters and nineteen thousand telegrams are received and despatched every week during the session. Begging letters predominate in this vast mass of correspondence. Time was when a Member of Parliament had some patronage to distribute in the way of posts in the Customs and Excise, if the party he supported were in power. But that time is gone and for ever; and the only patronage now at the disposal of an M.P., when his party is in office, is the nomination to any vacant sub-post-office in his constituency—an eventuality which seldom arises, greatly to the relief of our representatives, because for the one friend they make of the successful person in such transactions, they make twenty enemies among those who are disappointed.

It would seem, however, as if a large number of the electors are still under the impression that their representatives have abundance of nice, fat, comfortable posts at their disposal. Members of Parliament are consequently inundated with demands from supporters for posts for their sons and daughters as clerks and messengers to the House of Commons, typists in the different State departments, boatmen in the Customs service, private secretaries, and countless other positions outside Parliament and the Civil Service, which it is believed the influence of our legislators could easily secure.

Then there are the letters from constituents, half pathetic and half laughable—fathers of families who are visited with illness and distress, and require pecuniary assistance; tradesmen on the verge of bankruptcy, who could be restored to a sound financial position by a loan of fifty pounds; widows of electors who have been left with marriageable daughters, and want to know whether husbands for them cannot be found, if not among the members, at least among the policemen on duty about the House; tradesmen who send on samples of their goods—whiskies, walking-sticks, and even perambulators (if the announcement of an interesting event in the member's family has been published)—with requests for testimonials; ingenious persons who have invented mixtures, pellets, and appliances for transforming a hoarse voice into a voice silvery, ringing, and resonant, and making the dull and turgid speaker clear and eloquent. The trials and temptations of a Member of Parliament are also numerous and

exasperating. He is frequently insulted by being offered bribes if he will allow his name to be used in the floating of some Company, or in the advertising of some article of common use or patent medicine; if he will use his influence in obtaining a Government contract for a certain firm, or in securing for some person a post in the gift of one of the Ministers. In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the payment of members, Mr John Burns created much amusement by reading the reply to an offer of fifty pounds made to him by a person in Belfast if he succeeded in obtaining for him a vacant collectorship of taxes. 'Sir,' replied Mr Burns, 'you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot.'

Our legislators are also inundated with appeals in aid of funds for churches, chapels, mission halls, schools, working-men's institutes, political clubs, hospitals, asylums, and institutions of all kinds; and although many of them may never have played cricket or football, or run a race in their lives, and would not trust themselves on bicycles any more than on wild mustangs, they are expected to become patrons and presidents (paying substantial donations for the honour) of every athletic, cricket, football, and bicycle club in their constituencies. Then there are many local functions—religious, social, and political—to which they are invited. Whenever a meeting for any purpose is being organised in a constituency, the first thought is to try to get the member to attend. The more conspicuous he is in Parliament, and therefore the more likely to attract an audience, the greater is the volume of those invitations which pour in upon him week after week, and the more widespread is the disappointment and dissatisfaction among his constituents if he does not attend. He is expected to preside at smoking concerts and local political dinners, to attend picnics and fêtes of friendly societies, to visit local clubs, to open bazaars, and to say a few words at charity performances and mixed entertainments of a political character, at which he is sandwiched between sentimental and comic singers, and is forced to imbibe numberless cups of inferior tea.

There is no doubt that most of the men who aspire to seats in the House of Commons do so with an honest and genuine desire to serve the State, to benefit the community, to promote that primary object of good government—'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' These they rightly consider to be the chief functions of a legislator; and in the first flush of their enthusiasm after election, many of them intrepidly and zealously set about informing themselves of the principles of constitutional government, and of the subjects that are likely to engage the attention of Parliament. They soon find, however, that to do this properly, would leave them very little time for anything else. Most of them, perhaps, give up the task in despair; and instead of attempting to arrive at independent conclusions by personal investigation and study, they largely rely on the speeches of their political leaders, and on the articles of the party newspapers, to direct them on the right path in regard to the public questions of the day.

Every M.P. finds his breakfast table heaped every morning during the session with an enormous pile of parliamentary papers, consisting of books, bills, reports, returns, and other documents. Blue-books are universally admitted to be not very exciting reading, and eighty volumes of these books—ominously ponderous and portentously dull—are on an average issued every year, all of them demanding the immediate attention of the conscientious legislator. The bills, or embryo Acts of Parliament, are more inviting, embodying, as they do, the fads and hobbies entertained by the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons. About three hundred of those bills are introduced every session, and are printed and circulated amongst members, who are expected to make themselves acquainted with their provisions.

One of the great disappointments in the life of an M.P. is that, though sessions come and sessions go, his little pet scheme of legislation, which he hoped to be able to place on the statute book, never advances beyond the initiatory stage of first reading. Another cruel disappointment is that, after devoting days and nights to taxing his brain for antitheses, epigrams, and other flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate, he patiently sits night after night during the time allotted for the debate, on the pounce to 'catch the Speaker's eye,' but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb; while he hears his arguments and his illustrations used by other men, who had probably gone to the same source for them, until at last the end comes without an opportunity having been afforded him to relieve his mind of the weighty unspoken speech which oppresses it. Then his constituents complain that he is a useless 'silent member,' if they do not see his name figuring in the newspaper reports. They are convinced he is neglecting his duty. And what consolation is it to him to think of the old saying that 'they are the wisest part of Parliament who use the greatest silence;' or of the opinion of the party leaders—especially the leaders of the party in office—that he is the most useful of members who never takes part in the debates, but is ever at hand to record his vote when the division bells ring out their alarm?

Other sore tribulations of the poor M.P. are that his opinions are dictated by his leaders—his movements controlled by the Whips. Party discipline is very strict, and violations of it, however slight, are rarely condoned. If a member is bold enough to take an independent stand in regard to any of the political questions of the day, his speech in the House, explaining his position, is received with scoffs and jeers by his colleagues, and, what is perhaps more uncomfortable, approving cheers by members on the other side. If he persists in this course, he is regarded as a crank and a faddist, and is severely 'cut' by his party. Again, strongly worded and heavily underscored communications, demanding his immediate attendance at Westminster, are frequently delivered to him at the most inopportune moments—when he is just sitting down to a delightful little dinner, or about to leave his house for a

pleasant night at the Gaiety Theatre—and if, yielding to the temptations of the flesh, he ignores this peremptory call of political duty, his past services are forgotten, he gets a solemn lecture from the Chief Whip, on the enormity of his offence, and, mayhap, his name is published in an official 'black list' of defaulters, or he comes across a nasty little paragraph exposing his neglect of duty in the local newspaper which most widely circulates amongst his constituents.

But, happily, when the litany of the tribulations of an M.P. is exhausted, there remain to be told many countervailing pleasures and advantages, which make a seat in the House of Commons well worth the physical labour and mental worry involved in winning it, and retaining it.

A member of the House of Commons is allowed to attach to his name the magic letters 'M.P.' which are a source of pride and gratification to himself, and secure for him the respect and deference of others. These initials undoubtedly contribute, too, to his social status. Doors of social circles, hitherto locked and barred, are open wide to him; and invitations to social functions in the houses of the great and wealthy members of his party reach him during the session. Then he is a member of 'the best club in London.' It is, indeed, frequently denied that the House of Commons still maintains that pre-eminence as a social haunt of men, which, it is universally acknowledged, once rightly belonged to it. But, as a matter of fact, the House is more of a club now than it has ever been in its centuried existence. It is provided with handsome dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms; and only this year it advanced another important stage in its continuous development and progress as a club, by having a suite of bath-rooms and dressing-rooms added to its *entourage*. In its smoking-room may be met, in the pleasant relaxation of a chat and gossip, not only some of the most distinguished men in the kingdom, but a far greater variety of types of men than can be encountered in the smoking-room of any club in London. Mr Labouchere, indeed, has said a couple of hours could be passed far more enjoyably in the smoking-room of the House of Commons than in the smoking-room of the Carlton or Reform Club. It was the member for Northampton also who declared that the House of Commons was not only one of the pleasantest, but one of the healthiest places in the world, and that he far preferred a month on its green benches to a month on the Promenade of Brighton.

There is a popular belief that members are paid five guineas per day for their attendance on Select Committees; but it is absolutely unfounded. Members of Committees do not get a penny; and indeed, with the exception of the Ministry, not a single M.P. gets any financial recompense from the State in return for his services in Parliament. But every member—and specially the young, and able, and ambitious—has a chance of an office in an Administration; and nice, fat salaries—though, indeed, in no case more than the work to be done warrants—are attached to these offices.

Let us see how the salaries, which are paid quarterly, work out in weekly instalments. The First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the five principal Secretaries of State, who deal with Foreign Affairs, the Home Office, India, the Colonies, and the Army, receive each the weekly sum of £96, 3s. The First Lord of the Admiralty receives £86, 10s. per week, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, £85, 1s. per week. Next come the Postmaster-general and the Chairman of Committees, who each receive £48, 1s.; while the weekly salary of the Secretary for Scotland, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the President of the Board of Trade, and the President of the Local Government Board, is £38, 9s.

There are other pecuniary advantages attached to a seat in the House of Commons. The demand for M.P.s as directors of companies is always very brisk, though of late this means of adding to their income is discountenanced and looked upon with distrust and suspicion by the vast majority of the members. A barrister-at-law also finds that a seat in the House of Commons materially advances his position in his profession; and the great prize of a place on the Judicial Bench is always in the offing. Above all, however disappointed a member may be in his dreams of personal ambition and in his schemes of pet legislation, there is the ever-present and consoling thought that he exercises a potent voice—or perhaps we should say vote—in the Government of the greatest and mightiest Empire in the world.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XIX.—AN ICE.

'A GLORIOUS land, no doubt; but what country, even with a man's hopes at zero, could compare with that she treads,' thought Wynyan, as he stood back looking on, while Endoza and his daughter hastened forward to welcome the new arrivals. Wynyan's pulses were now accelerated as he noted the change which had come over the graceful figure in her simple mourning robe. Rénée's face looked sad and careworn as she stood talking to Isabel, and with the emotion in his heart growing tumultuous, Wynyan was wondering how she would meet him—what she would say—whether, after all, there would be hope in the future, or whether it was the veriest madness on his part to harbour such ideas, when he became conscious of the fact that Brant was watching him with an unpleasant scowl on his countenance.

Then Brant was passed over and forgotten. How it all happened he never knew, for the Count's salon was transformed, and the whole scene became dreamy and strange. Wynyan knew that he spoke to Miss Bryne, who gently reproached him for not having been near them.

'I know,' she said, 'that you have had some quarrel with my nephew, and have left the offices, Mr Wynyan; but I have nothing to do with the business matters, and we shall be very pleased to see you again.'

'We shall be very pleased!' The words rang in Wynyan's ears, and a few minutes after he was seated near Rénée, talking of the past, her saddened gray eyes meeting his wistfully from time to time, as if asking for his sympathy. But there was no look of love therein; and the discourse was almost entirely about the dead.

'I ought not to be here, Mr Wynyan,' she said at last; 'but my aunt almost insisted upon my coming. You will not think me thoughtless—that it is too soon.'

That was the only hopeful sentence in their conversation; but it helped to fan the fire. She did value his opinion.

There was no time for more. Brant came up, and almost roughly began: 'Here, Rénée, I want to speak to you.'

But he in turn was interrupted by their young hostess, whom he had abruptly left when he could bear witnessing the *tête-à-tête* no longer.

'Really, Rénée dear, you must take your cousin and scold him well for his bad manners. I have been talking to him for five minutes, and he has not heard a word I said. He has been staring at you all the time, and longing to get to your side. But he is not going to monopolise you here. I mean to have a chat with you myself.—There, you two gentlemen can go and smoke a cigarette in the next room.'

This all in a playful spirit full of badinage; and as Isabel seated herself beside her guest, Brant turned off angrily, and made towards an open doorway draped by a heavy curtain, while the Count was bending impressively over Miss Bryne, who, poor lady, looked faint with pleasure; and as Wynyan strolled towards where a guest was standing alone, he thought of the doctor and then of the Count's offer.

'I thought I should hardly get a word with you, Rénée dearest,' began Isabel, leaning towards her friend affectionately, and gently agitating the half-mourning fan she carried, for the benefit of both.

'I'm afraid that you will find me rather a dull companion,' said Rénée sadly.

'Dull? For shame, dear! Do you think I am so hard-hearted and frivolous as not to feel for you intensely? Oh Rénée, dear, I do wish I could make you happy. You must—indeed you must—try and cease all this sorrowing, and come out a little more.'

Rénée shook her head.

'But you ought, dear, really. We mourn with you, but we want to see you happy.'

'I know you do, dear,' replied Rénée, who, while often feeling a kind of pity mingled with contempt for her friend, gladly listened to, and believed in the girl's eager offers of sympathy.

'She is not as we are,' Rénée would say to herself. 'This childish womanliness is her nature, and I believe that in her way she loves me.'

She felt this more than ever as, behind the great fan, Isabel's hand glided to hers, and gave it a long, warm pressure, while, when their eyes met, Isabel's were brimming and sad with pity, and she uttered a low sob.



Rénée's fingers closed more firmly upon those of her young hostess, and she looked her thanks.

And that evening her heart felt more attuned to sympathy. There was a warmer glow there, and a saddened feeling of satisfaction at meeting Paul Wynyan again. She had heard of the trouble between him and her cousin, but in her great sorrow she had tried not to think of him, perhaps vainly. Now they had met once more, and his grave sympathetic words had fallen pleasantly upon her ears, bringing with them dreamy thoughts which she shrank from, as if they were full of guilt.

And now as she sat there, with Isabel talking to her almost in whispers, she turned her eyes to see that Wynyan was looking towards them; and as she met his gaze, hers did not shrink away till she was conscious that her companion had caught the direction in which she was looking, and said quietly: 'Do you like Mr Wynyan, dear?'

'I?—Yes,' said Renée hurriedly. 'He was very much in my poor father's confidence.'

'Yes,' said Isabel, 'I know, dear. How I used to tease you about him—but you weren't hurt,' she added hastily.

'Hurt? No.'

'It was very thoughtless of me, I know. I am terribly thoughtless sometimes. I used to think that you cared for him, but of course I know better now. But do you like him?'

'Oh yes, I like him,' said Renée, looking at the bright, fragile little thing half wonderingly.

'I am so glad, because he is so—so—what you call bluff and frank; and you do like me to confide in you, Renée, don't you?'

'Of course, Isabel.'

Rénée heard her own words faintly, for there was a strange singing in her ears, and a peculiar tremor ran through her.

'I am so glad, because it is so nice to have some one who feels like a sister, and to whom one can open one's very heart. Of course, I should not speak to any one else as I do to you, dear, because perhaps I am not justified in saying so much; but I cannot help feeling and thinking a great deal, though nothing has been said. These matters are instinctive, are they not?'

'I—I cannot tell,' said Renée, before whose eyes a mist had arisen, which blotted out Wynyan, and threatened to shut out the whole world, till she made a tremendous effort to maintain her composure.

'Oh, they are, dear, I am sure—quite sure,' whispered Isabel. 'I am in great trouble about it, though, for papa is so proud of his fine old Spanish descent; and though he likes Mr Wynyan very much, he may think it would be lowering me in my position as his child. I don't, for when one loves, one can only think that he is everything that is noble and great. You think Mr Wynyan is nice, don't you, dear?'

'I think Mr Wynyan is very gentlemanly,' said Renée faintly, and the mist seemed thicker than ever.

'Yes, dear, that is exactly what he is, and if it goes on, papa will have to introduce him

to the President, and he will be decorated, and they will make him a Count.'

'I thought you had no titles,' said Renée, growing calmer now, and forcing herself to be firm.

'We are supposed not to have, dear, but the people like them, and they think so much of a foreigner who is a Count or a Chevalier. He will go over to Deconagua, of course, and I shall go for a time; but I never will consent to live there, after being in dear old foggy England with its society. Some day when I come back to live here, we can be so much together again, and I suppose you will be Mrs—— Oh, how funny! Why, Renée dearest, you will not have changed your name.'

'No,' said Renée, after drawing a long deep breath, and looking firmly at her companion: 'I shall not have changed my name.'

'Yes, dear; what is it?' said Isabel, as her companion rose, just as Brant came back again, smoking his cigarette.

'I was going to join my aunt, dear,' said Renée in a strangely altered tone.

'Do, dear; I'm afraid I am neglecting other people, but it is so hard to remember every one.—Oh, here is your cousin. May I have a chat with him?'

'Of course,' said Renée coldly; and as she reached Miss Bryne, who was sitting alone, looking very stately and dreamy, Brant took the seat his cousin had vacated.

'Well, little one,' he said familiarly; 'why, you look prettier than ever.'

'What a rude remark!' said Isabel, pouting, and looking offended.

'It's the truth,' said Brant.—'I say, Isabel, why do you have that cad here?'

'Cad? What cad? Oh, for shame! You don't mean Mr Lisle, the great ironmaster?'

'Him! No. You know who I mean: that fellow who used to be with us—Wynyan.'

'For shame! You mustn't call him that. Papa says he is the cleverest man he knows, and he is sure that he will some day be great.'

'Him! Great! Bosh!'

'What a word! Besides, I like him. He isn't handsome, but he looks brave and strong.'

'What! You like him? You'd better not. If I thought you meant it, I'd lay wait for him and break his neck. I say!'

'No, I shall not listen to you, sir. I will not have such dreadful threats made in my presence.'

'Then you shouldn't have him here.'

'How can I help it? Papa asks whom he pleases.'

'Well, I know some one who wouldn't have been here if he had known. I don't consider him to be good enough company for my cousin.'

'You seem very jealous about the company your cousin keeps,' said Isabel with a toss of her head.

'Well, so I am,' retorted Brant; and then, after a furtive glance round: 'Ten times as jealous, though, about beautiful little Isabel. I say, beauty—don't have him here again.'

'Hush!'

'All right—but don't.'

'You need not mind, Brant.'

'I don't now,' he whispered. 'I say, this is real happiness. It makes me feel as if I should like it to be always so.'

'No,' said Isabel, 'you don't mean it. I can't believe you.'

'Yes, you do. I'm not much of a fellow, I know, but I've got eyes in my head, and—I have—can't we walk out on to the balcony or into the conservatory?'

'It's all sooty in the balcony, and nothing to see but street lamps.'

'Conservatory, then?'

'There isn't one. Ah, you should be in Deconagua, where we have the loveliest of gardens, all orange and lemon trees and flowers.'

'Some day—some day,' whispered Brant.

'I shall get such a scolding, not some day, but to-night, when you are all gone,' said Isabel, rising; and though Brant sought for it, he did not enjoy another *tête-à-tête* with his young hostess, so turned to *Rénée*.

'Like a beautiful icicle,' he muttered, as he went to seek some more refreshment. 'Why don't the old chap have some fizz? Coffee and ices! Hang it all! men are not girls.'

The evening wore on, and Wynyan was watching his opportunity for a few words with *Rénée*, but the opportunity did not seem to come; and when at last he saw her and Miss Bryne rise to go, the Count held him fast by the coat.

'You will think about what we discussed, Mr Wynyan?' he said in his ultra-friendly way. 'You understand the kind of man we require: brain, genius, an engineer *au fait* with regard to motive powers. You will try and help me?'

'If I can, sir,' said Wynyan.

'Thank you, so much. Ah, I must go and see that dear Miss Bryne to her carriage.'

Wynyan winced, for Brant had joined his cousin, evidently with the same intent, and the opportunity was gone.

'One word, Mr Wynyan,' said the Count, bending toward him: 'think of all I said—reward, position, the love of some beautiful woman; think, Mr Wynyan, the chance of a lifetime—why not you—on your own terms?'

He gave Wynyan a peculiar look through his half-closed eyes, and then crossed quickly to where *Rénée* was taking her leave of her young hostess. Then she laid her hand upon Brant's arm, there was the faint rustle of her dark dress over the rich carpet, and she was gone.

'Without one look,' said Wynyan to himself, as he stood there chilled and with a sensation akin to despair creeping over him.

Then he started back to the present, as a voice said: 'Don't they make a handsome pair, Mr Wynyan?'

For a few moments he made no reply, but stood gazing in the large, dark, malicious-looking eyes which gazed into his.

'I beg your pardon,' he faltered.

'There is no need. It was perhaps rude of me, but I saw you watching them go out. But do please take me to have an ice, Mr

Wynyan; I'm faint and hoarse, and quite fagged with trying to make people happy. In the next room. You'll have one too?'

But Paul Wynyan had already had his ice.

(To be continued.)

### THE GREAT FAIRS OF RUSSIA.

IN Russia, as in America, according to Sir Mackenzie Wallace, the traveller is always cross-questioned by new acquaintances as to what he thinks of the country; and after he has answered the question, he is tolerably sure to be asked whether he has seen the Great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. Now, although Sir Mackenzie Wallace spent some years in Russia before he went to see that Fair, and then confessed himself disappointed with it, and with the absence of the Oriental colouring he expected, this particular Fair is but a type, though a leading one, of the manner in which the vast internal trade of the Russian Empire is conducted. Without some knowledge of these Fairs, it is impossible to understand the economic conditions of Russia.

It is now about twenty years since Mr (now Sir D. M.) Wallace recorded his disappointment with Nijni-Novgorod. In these twenty years Russia has developed enormously in many ways, and in no way more remarkably than in the extension of railways, and the completion of links of water-communication. Yet, Nijni-Novgorod increases rather than diminishes in commercial importance, and if not quite one of the seven wonders of the world, as it used to be regarded by patriotic Russians, is at least a prominent feature in Russian economy. And here it may be explained that the word 'Nijni' (better spelt 'Nizhni') means Lower; and thus Nijni-Novgorod is just Lower Novgorod. It is said to have been originally a colony planted on the Volga in the thirteenth century by the people of Great Novgorod, the vastly more ancient city which has been called 'the cradle of Russian history.'

But while the name of the Great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod is more or less familiar to every reader of books about Russia, and of the narratives of those who have pushed into Central Asia through the Russian lines, it is not so easy in Western Europe to understand how Fairs have retained an importance in the Empire of the Czar which they have lost almost everywhere else. According to an official investigation made some years ago, it seems that there are no fewer than 2825 Fairs held annually in Russia, at which the turn-over—although statistics could not be obtained from a considerable number of them—was valued at 577 million roubles. This was the computed value of the goods brought in for sale; and taking the rouble at three shillings, this gives an equivalent of 86½ millions sterling. In this enormous turn-over some 194,000 traders were engaged as principals.

It must not be supposed, however, that all of these 2825 Fairs rival in importance the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. Probably about eighty per cent. of them are merely local or village Fairs, for the sale of produce by the peasants to the dealers, and of the purchase of stores, &c., from

the dealers by the peasants. Of the great Fairs, the larger number are in Little Russia and the eastern region; and, as might be expected, they become smaller and less numerous the nearer the western frontiers are approached. One reason why the Fair-trade has become so large and so firmly established, is because of the want, until quite recent times, of conveniences of communication. It was not possible for local dealers to supply themselves at the points of production of the goods they dealt in. Another reason was the smallness of the circulating capital in the provinces, so that traders had not the money in hand with which to go to distant markets. Thus it came about that half-way stations were established, at which producers and dealers could meet periodically for the exchange of goods. It has been said that the Fair system has enabled Russia to a large extent to dispense with middlemen—that the manufacturers and wholesale importers are brought into direct relations with the local tradesmen, and the farmers with the millers and exporters; but how far this may be true, we have no means of knowing.

Then, again, the Fair system has flourished because of the encouragement and protection extended to it by the Government since the days of Peter the Great, who paid great attention to the Fairs, and himself instituted some, for the purpose of drawing trade from neighbouring countries. Although not free from tolls, the recognised Fairs were not subjected to the heavy inland customs duties otherwise exacted. In the eighteenth century, a percentage tax was imposed on the traders at the Fairs; but it was found so hurtful in restricting business, that in 1814 trade at all the Fairs in the Empire was proclaimed free to everybody.

Owing to the deficiency of railways, of telegraphs, and of banking facilities, the Fairs grew in importance until the middle of the present century, when they may be said to have reached their highest point of development. Then they began to change their character as the manufacturing industries of Russia developed. The Fairs mainly concerned with foreign goods lost their importance, while those in more close connection with the great towns and industrial centres gained in importance. In Little Russia there is a regular succession of Fairs following close upon one another, so that goods left unsold at one are packed up by the trader for the next, and so on. In spite of these changes and charges, goods could still be sold at the most distant Fairs at very little more than Moscow prices. This was because of the exemption from duties enjoyed by the Fair-dealers. But as railways and banks extended, these special privileges were resented as a hardship by general traders, and in 1882 it was decreed that the Fairs should be classified and taxed.

The dealers have now to provide themselves with guild-tickets and licenses, the price of which varies with the importance of the Fair. The Fairs were classified according to duration—over a month, over twenty-one days, from fifteen to twenty days, from eight to fourteen days, and under seven days. According to a St Petersburg publication before us, there is only one Fair of the first class, that of Nijni-

Novgorod; but there are 47 of the second class, 59 of the third class, 291 of the fourth class, and 2500 of the fifth class, which last is exempt from taxation. The dues from the four classes bring in the Government a revenue averaging 332,000 roubles per annum. The return shows that while the revenue from the frontier Fairs has decreased since 1884, that from the others has increased. On the whole, however, it would seem that what may be called the open mercantile trade of Russia has increased during the last ten years at the expense of the Fairs.

So much as to the general system; and now let us take a look at the special features.

Although the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod has only been located there since 1816, it is one of the oldest Fairs in Russia. It was held formerly at Makariev, and previous to that, at Vassel-Sursk; and it originated at the time when Kazan was a kingdom, and merchants from Russia went there to trade. Some of these merchants were put to death at one of the Kazan Fairs early in the sixteenth century; and in 1524 the Grand-duke Vassili Ivanovich forbade the Moscow traders to go any more into Kazan. For their accommodation he established a Fair on the boundary of the kingdom of Moscow, at Vassel-Sursk, on the Volga; but it failed to attract trade from Kazan; and in the following century the Fair was removed to Makariev, which is some eighty versts below Nijni-Novgorod. It was after a fire at Makariev in 1816 that the Fair was removed to Nijni-Novgorod; but it is still known in Russia as the Makariev Fair.

Nijni-Novgorod, however, is very favourably situated for an entrepôt—just at the junction of the Volga and the Oka, with easy water-communication with a large portion of the Empire. The Volga, and its affiliated water-ways, passes right through the industrial districts, and connects with St Petersburg, where is a great grain-market; and its lower courses give connection with the Urals and Siberia, with the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, and Persia. The Oka, again, gives connection with the great wheat-growing area, and a railway gives connection with Moscow. Thus it is that Nijni-Novgorod occupies a unique geographical position, enabling it to do a large trade; and this is why this famous Fair occupies so important a place in the commercial economy of Russia. To quote the official document mentioned above: 'The central industrial governments send their manufactured goods to the Fair; the Urals, their metals; Siberia despatches furs, skins, wax, oil, and tallow; the Kama, salt; the Lower Volga, fish; the Caucasus, naphtha products (petroleum) and wine; Central Asia, cotton and lamb-skins; Persia, fruits; China, tea; the South-western region, sugar; Little Russia, tobacco; the middle Volga governments, corn, timber, and certain other goods; and Western Europe, manufactured and colonial goods, and wine. A vast number of people congregate at the Fair; on the average there are about two hundred thousand visitors.'

Here Asia and Europe meet; but Asia is not, as is often supposed, predominant. On the contrary, the Asiatic traders form but a small percentage, and the chief operations are in the

sales of manufactured goods to merchants for distribution among the smaller inland towns. In former days, Nijni-Novgorod used to supply the greater part of Russia with the leading articles of consumption; but the extension of railways has destroyed a good deal of the trade. The Asiatics who bring in their products usually take away manufactured goods in exchange; but they also take corn more frequently than they used to do. It will be a surprise to many to learn that the greater part of the operations at the Fair are done on credit, and that the bills granted run from six to twelve months, and sometimes longer. With some traders it is the practice to make the bills mature at the period of the Irbit Fair, at which they may realise their purchases in cash. The Nijni-Novgorod Fair opens on the 15th of July, and for wholesale transactions lasts until the 25th of August; so that, while it is in active operation, the results of the harvest—which have a great bearing upon the volume of trade—are known. The wholesale Fair is followed by a retail one, which lasts until September 10.

This great Fair is not only the largest in Russia, but probably the largest trading gathering in the world. Its operations affect the whole course of Russian internal trade for the succeeding twelve months, and therefore, as a sort of commercial barometer, it is every year carefully studied by economists and financiers. The turn-over in the first year of the transfer to Nijni-Novgorod was only twenty-five million roubles. Within thirty years the amount was doubled; and in each decade there was increase by leaps and bounds until, in 1881, the turn-over was no less than 246 millions. Since then, there has, with some ups and downs, been a decrease; and in 1891 the record was only 168 millions. The cause of this decline is said to be the completion of the Trans-Caspian Railway, by which trade can now be carried on with Central Asia through most of the year. The goods which in the last decade show increase, as compared with previous records of the Fair, are linen and flax, furs, skins and leather, metals and articles made from them, fish, tea, Bokharan and Khivan products, and Chinese goods. All other articles, especially the products of Western Europe, make a much smaller figure than formerly.

Next in importance is the Irbit Fair, which is held at Irbit, in the province of Perm, between the 1st of February and the 1st of March. This Fair is not on the great trading route between Russia and Siberia, and yet it is at Irbit that Siberia is supplied with manufactured goods for the year, and to which Siberia sends a large portion of her furs, skins, fish, honey, wax, hempseed, linseed, and even butter. Here, too, is a great market for Chinese tea and silk, and for many products of Central Asia. Most of the goods left unsold from the Nijni-Novgorod Fair are sent on to Irbit; and Siberian goods left unsold from the Irbit Fair are, in turn, sent on to Nijni-Novgorod. For Russian goods the traders enjoy some special privileges for carriage from Fair to Fair.

The Irbit Fair dates from 1643; but up to the beginning of the present century had not exceeded a turn-over of two million roubles per

annum. In 1863, however, it had grown to 50 millions; and in 1887 it reached 57 millions, which was the high-water mark. By 1892 the turn-over had declined to 34 million roubles; and this Fair is expected to suffer a good deal from the Trans-Siberian Railway, now in course of construction, which will take Siberian grain and furs and other products direct on to the Russian railway system. Irbit itself is but a small place of 5000 inhabitants; but during the Fair the population rises to 100,000, and many of the houses are open only while the Fair lasts.

Other important Fairs in Eastern Russia are those of Sbornaya, Menzelinsk, and Ivanovsk. The Sbornaya Fair is held at Simbirsk during the first and second weeks of Lent. It was here that, before the railways, the provinces of Orenburg, Ufa, and Samara obtained their supplies; now, however, its custom is more confined to the surrounding districts.

The chief manufactures disposed of at this Fair are cotton goods; but it is also a great grain-market, and its operations practically decide the price of grain upon the Volga as soon as the navigation opens. The turn-over is about six and a half million roubles per annum.

The Menzelinsk Fair is in Ufa, and is held between the 26th of December and the 11th of January. Its leading articles are cottons and skins; but the extension of the railway to Zlatoust has curtailed its importance, and the turn-over has within the last twenty years fallen from six and a half to four and a half million roubles.

What is known as the Ivanovsk Fair is held at Masliansk, in Perm, during the month of August. Here also cottons and skins are the chief objects of trade; but the Tartar and Kirghiz traders also bring in large quantities of Central-Asian goods. This Fair continues to hold its own, and the present turn-over, nearly six million roubles, is somewhat larger than it was twenty years ago.

There is also an important Siberian winter Fair held at Ishim in December, at which goods to the value of four and a half to five million roubles are disposed of. And there are great Fairs at Akmolinsk, to which cattle are brought from the provinces and the Khanates, and at which general goods are sold to the Kirghiz. In the far-away Transbaikal province there is also a considerable Fair; as also at Irkutsk, and even at remote Yakutsk, where as much as one and a half millions of roubles will be turned over in the short season. At Astrakhan is another Fair for the Kirghiz trade, principally for cattle, with a turn-over of about two and a half million roubles. And at Archangel is a Fair for fish, furs, and skins.

In the central portions of Russia there are a large number of small Fairs with a turn-over of from half a million to a million roubles. They are not individually important, but the aggregate trade is large. In Little Russia are what are called the Ukraine Fairs, survivals of the time before the region was absorbed in the Empire, when Poles, Russians, Greeks, and Germans used to meet annually for barter. At Kharkov are held four; at Romny, four; and at Poltava one, of these Fairs—following one after the other during the year. The trade at



them is now chiefly in manufactured goods, which are passed on from Fair to Fair until disposed of. The aggregate turn-over of these Ukraine Fairs appears to be about thirty million roubles per annum. The Troitsk Fair in June and the Ouspensk Fair in August—both held at Kharkov—are the chief wool Fairs of Little Russia.

At Kiev is held, from the 5th to the 26th of February, what is known as the Contract Fair, at which the agriculturists, sugar-manufacturers, and merchants of the district meet, and where the dealings are in sugar, corn, land, and building contracts.

In the Don province there are a number of cattle Fairs; and in Podolia are the principal horse Fairs. At Warsaw there is an important annual wool Fair, which is largely attended by foreigners; and in September there is at the same place a special Fair for hops.

To enumerate all the smaller Fairs is, of course, impossible. Our object has been merely to indicate the features of the more important of these centres of Russian internal trade, and to give an idea of the commerce they represent. In conclusion, we may repeat the inferences drawn in the official Report from which we have obtained our figures: 'That the growth of the Fair-trade in Russia was chiefly assisted by the absence of convenient ways of communication; that the closing of the river-ways during several months of the year was more favourable to the growth of a Fair-trade than a settled one; that the Fair-trade is generally in a transitional condition; and that certain Fairs are even on the decline; while the settled trade, taking advantage of the perfected ways of communication, and especially of the rail-ways, is gradually developing at the expense of the Fair-trade; but that the Nijni-Novgorod Fair can hardly lose its importance, although it has stopped in its growth, owing to the special position which it occupies in the economic life of Russia.'

## THE RISE AND FALL OF RELIGION AT DUXBURY SWAMP.

A WESTERN EPISODE.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

THE Right Reverend Anthony Briggs, Doctor of Divinity and Bishop of the Western territorial diocese of Cheyenne, although a learned ecclesiastic, and an energetic up-builder of the church on the plains, would undoubtedly have ill-become a garden party at Lambeth, and would scarcely have 'adorned,' so far as personal appearance was concerned, the episcopal bench of the House of Lords; while in the chancel of some ancient minster he would surely have been deemed an irreconcilable anachronism. For no rich broadcloth draped the six feet two inches of scrawny frame which belonged to Dr Briggs; and the traditional hat, apron, and gaiters which help to lend antiquity, dignity, and prestige to an English Lord Bishop were conspicuous by their absence from the person of the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs.

To write more positively, the Bishop of Cheyenne usually attired himself in a dark-blue chevrot suit of stout texture, a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, and high boots, and spent most of his waking hours astride a Texas pony, athwart which faithful animal he also carried saddle-bags, in which were packed his canonical robes, and likewise a holster containing a pair of formidable-looking pistols.

For Bishop Briggs's diocese was on and beyond the 'frontier'—which is to say the frontier of railroads, schools, churches, and other evidences of modern, well-developed civilisation—and was co-extensive with a territory far larger than the entire province of Canterbury. Yet the good bishop's immense field of labour did not, as a whole, lie heavily upon his mind and heart. True, while the scattered harvest was plentiful, the labourers were few, and the means wherewith to pay these few labourers was exceedingly diminutive. But the bishop was not narrow-minded, and if he found none of his own clergy at work in a town or settlement, he usually discovered a Methodist preacher or a Baptist minister, or, perchance, a Roman Catholic priest covering the ground, which satisfied him that the people need not be or long remain entirely heathen.

Yes, the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs was fairly well satisfied with the condition of the broad diocese of Cheyenne, except that portion of it known as Duxbury Swamp; and that was —'another story!' Speaking from a strictly geographical standpoint, Duxbury Swamp, so called, was no swamp at all, being, as a matter of fact, an exceedingly fertile tract of land, surrounded, for the greater part of the year, by two arms (forming a loop) of a stream of clear water. Certainly, for a short period of each summer, ordinarily known as the dry season, the stream of clear water failed to materialise in the vicinity of Duxbury Swamp, and the bed of the Dux Creek became what, perhaps, originally gave the name to the land which it encircled—namely, a marsh or swamp. At any rate, whether ice or water or marsh, the immediate environment of Duxbury Swamp formed a natural boundary such as may have been utilised by bygone races of Indians for defensive purposes in troublous times. Indeed, Dux Creek still served such a purpose. For if Duxbury Swamp could not be correctly described by those words of the well-known hymn:

Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,

it might at least be said that its nine or ten thousand fertile acres supported a population the male portion of which would not have very freely invited an investigation into the records of their lives prior to their arrival and settlement at Duxbury Swamp. To be more explicit, Duxbury Swamp had the reputation of being a rendezvous for all sorts and conditions of offenders against the laws of all and sundry of the United States of America.

Duxbury Swampers were 'dead leery' of all strangers, and especially took pains to discourage visits from officers of the law—and parsons; and to the few non-residents of Duxbury Swamp who had gained access to the place, its social life

was an unguessed conundrum. The fields were well tilled, the houses were substantially built and comfortable, the stores (of which there were three or four) seemed to do a fair business, and, notwithstanding the air of mystery which pervaded the settlement, prosperity seemed to reign in all directions. All the men drove good horses in the latest styles of buggies and wagons. They likewise drank good whisky, while the women folks seemed to be well supplied with everything that was going in the way of millinery, wraps, and other 'dry goods.' Notwithstanding which, there was neither school-house, newspaper, nor library to benefit the Swampers; and it is almost needless to add, therefore, that the 'church' had no foothold on Duxbury Swamp, which regrettable state of affairs greatly grieved our right reverend friend, the good bishop of the diocese.

We make the acquaintance of Dr Briggs on a bright fall day about a decade ago. With his own face and his horse's head held straight towards a westering sun, he was making his way to the mushroom city of Cheyenne, where was to be held the annual diocesan convention—at which periodical ecclesiastical gathering Bishop Briggs was privileged to meet the two or three score faithful men who formed the rank and file of his small army. As the good bishop jogs along the bridal path, upon which the title of *road* was conferred by brevet, we may divulge a little of his early history. It goes, of course, without saying that Bishop Briggs was not always a bishop, nor was he always a clergyman; more than that, when a young man at college, Anthony Briggs was not even designed to take holy orders. At his university, young Briggs was noted by the professors as an exceedingly bright and promising student—as proficient in his studies as his college chum and friend, David Morrisson, was in all athletic pursuits. During their term at college the expression 'Briggs and Morrisson' meant more to the undergraduates than the story of Damon and Pythias. The two young men were inseparable, and, while totally different in ideas and temperament, each was a great help to the other. Morrisson could never have graduated from the university without the persistent friendly aid of Briggs and, minus the encouragement of Morrisson, Briggs would scarcely ever have indulged in physical exercise, and certainly would never have attained the honour and distinction of pulling an oar with the 'varsity crew.'

Yet, though their college lives were so closely interwoven, on-lookers wondered at the strange friendship. David Morrisson forced his way to the front in the various athletic clubs and societies by sheer animal strength, and he actually had few friends; while, on the other hand, young Briggs was really beloved by all who came in contact with him. His nature was open and trusting, and he could not believe ill of anybody, let alone a friend. It was on account of this good-nature, perhaps, that Anthony Briggs, having graduated from his college and also from the university law-school, finding himself engaged to a charming young lady, commended her to the attention and watchful care of his friend Morrisson,

while he went on a tour around the world before settling down to the active duties of life. It was a stunning blow to Anthony Briggs, on returning to his home one year later, to find that the chum and friend whom he had loved and trusted second only to the girl he would have married, had eloped with his *fiancée* a day or two before his arrival. As is often the case under such circumstances, a great revulsion of feeling came over the gentle nature of Anthony Briggs, and he swore a solemn and fearful oath that, should he ever overtake his false friend, he would visit swift and terrible revenge upon Morrisson for his baseness. But, strange to relate, as the weeks and months passed by, merging themselves into years and even into decades, not a word came to Anthony Briggs of the man and woman who had largely blighted his happiness. In the meantime, Briggs sought some relief by changing the plans for his life's work, and renounced the bar for the church. In church work he became an enthusiast, and after many years of efficient labour in various parishes of the Eastern cities, he was designated for missionary work in the far West, and was ultimately consecrated Bishop of Cheyenne.

But Anthony Briggs never married, because all his love for a woman had been lavished upon Eleanor Waldorf; and he never more cultivated warm and close friendship for a man, because he never forgot the faithlessness of David Morrisson.

This was the eighth or ninth annual convention that was now called to order in the little frame church which stood in the place of a cathedral to our right reverend friend—a church so small that the less than three-score clergyman now assembled therein pretty well taxed its seating capacity. After the opening prayers had been said, and some routine business transacted, the bishop made his annual address to his clergy, and closed it by an eloquent appeal for a volunteer to undertake the cure of souls at Duxbury Swamp. Before him the bishop saw in that little throng a variety of men: some were young, and some were old; some were vigorous, and some were becoming feeble; there were high-churchmen and low-churchmen; while others had very little churchmanship—but more than atoned for the deficiency by a great deal of common sense, and earnest love for the race. Yet it certainly surprised the bishop when a response to his call came from a clergyman who was perhaps, physically, the least fit to undertake any very arduous work. This was the Reverend John Caldecott, a young ritualistic enthusiast recently from one of the Oxford 'settlements' in East London; and, as young Caldecott was a new arrival in the diocese and unattached, he set forth immediately at the close of the convention to take charge of his new parish of Duxbury Swamp.

What Ratcliffe Highway is to London and the 'Tenderloin' district is to New York, Duxbury Swamp was to the territory which formed the diocese of Cheyenne; only, as that territory was, at its best, rough enough to induce all men to carry two or three weapons concealed upon their persons, the possibilities of the

Swampers may better be imagined than described.

As a college student, John Caldecott had cast in his lot with that section of the Church of England which, however much we may differ on question of doctrine and churchmanship, we must admire on account of the enthusiasm with which its followers appear to be imbued. So thoroughly in earnest was John Caldecott, that nothing could turn him from his set purpose, when once his pathway seemed to him to be the path of duty. Three years before, he had refused a 'gilt-edged' Devonshire living to accept an arduous post in East London; and now, when the physicians had positively forbidden his longer remaining in the vitiated air of Whitechapel and Poplar, he had come out to the Far West, that in exchange for fresh air he might give the church still more energetic service.

Duxbury Swamp was a decidedly new experience for John Caldecott. Out by the London docks he had been met with utter indifference, or at most by jeers and sneers; but the Swampers offered active resistance to his settlement among them.

His approach had evidently been heralded, for when he crossed the creek in his rough buckboard wagon, and landed in Duxbury Swamp, a deputation of three determined-looking men met him.

'Su'thing to sell?' asked one.

'Not anything.'

'Wanter buy su'thing?' inquired another.

'Nothing.'

'Parson, I persume?' said the third.

'Exactly,' said Caldecott, with a pleasant smile.

'Well, we don't take kindly to sech, and they don't have no real and generwine love for we-uns. Fact is, stranger, we ain't got no use for no doggoned parsons!'

'That's keerect,' echoed one of the deputation, while the third, being of a still more practical disposition, turned the horse's head, and gave the animal a sharp slap with his open hand.

'Good-bye, parson,' they all shouted, with a grin.

'I shall come back,' called back Caldecott, nothing daunted.

'Don't you do it, not if you know what's good for a parson's pelt!' the chief spokesman called by way of a parting shot.

But bright and early the next morning the Reverend John Caldecott was found away up in the centre of Duxbury Swamp!

What was more to the purpose, Caldecott was away up in the good graces of the most important and influential inhabitant of the Swamp—a character known locally as Colonel Dixey.

The young clergyman, after his unceremonious ejection on the previous day, had re-entered Duxbury Swamp on foot, under cover of the night; and when the sun arose, bringing with it a hungry feeling within John Caldecott's stomach, that energetic pioneer of religion found himself outside a picket fence, which enclosed, together with many broad acres of rich farm land, a roomy, home-like, clap-boarded mansion—painted white, with green venetian shutters—that looked for all the world as if it had been

transported bodily from beneath the elms of some Massachusetts village.

John Caldecott fully realised the fact that he was at Duxbury Swamp for the explicit purpose of making the acquaintance of the Swampers; but his hungry feeling prompted him to attempt that work of introduction as quickly as possible—and he sincerely hoped for the best results.

Nor was he disappointed.

Before the clergyman had advanced half-way up the well-kept walk, the door of the house opened, and there stepped upon the low, broad porch a man who was a giant in size, and who appeared to be, from his erect carriage and the massiveness of his limbs, a veritable tower of strength. At first, Caldecott put him down for a man of forty years; but as he approached more closely, it was plain to see, by the crow's-feet, and the fast-whitening hair and moustache, that sixty years was nearer the mark.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Caldecott, who quickly arrived at the conclusion that this man was more worthy of respect than the three nondescripts who had driven him away the night before.

'Good-morning, sir, to you,' was the polite and even cordial response. 'This is a sight for sore eyes and an unexpected pleasure. More than thirty years have I made my home here, and you are the first parson who has graced my house. Come inside, sir.'

'The idea of a wolf appearing in sheep's clothing does not appear to cross your mind,' suggested Caldecott, to whom a civil greeting was a great surprise.

'No,' was the reply. 'The fact is that I have had such a wide experience with wolves of all sorts that I can identify them in all disguises. I can, *per contra*, sir, tell the genuine article when I see it, and I shall be glad, for a treat, to have a gentleman share my breakfast. It will be ready at six o'clock, which will be in just five minutes. Ha! ha!—Now excuse what seems rudeness, my dear sir,' said the big man, laughing heartily as John Caldecott handed him a relic of Oxford in the form of a calling-card, 'but I'll venture to lay odds that this is the first copperplate card which was ever handed out in Duxbury Swamp! Good! Er—"Reverend John Caldecott"—'Piscopal, I suppose, Mr Caldecott? So much the better, because I can take up religion where I dropped it nearly two-score years ago. Well, sir, my name is Dixey, David Dixey—and there's the breakfast bell, Mr Caldecott.'

The meal to which Caldecott sat down was as inviting as his host's house, and the parson did it justice. Afterwards they sat together upon the spacious veranda, and while Dixey smoked, our friend asked a number of questions relating to Duxbury Swamp and its people.

'Fact is, Mr Caldecott, they're a pretty tough lot hereabouts,' said Dixey. 'For myself, I don't want to sail under false colours. I'm here because public opinion would have driven me away from the East sooner or later, so I came "sooner." Don't be too fearful now, my dear sir; I never broke the law of the land, and am not "wanted" by the police. I came out here over thirty years ago with the sweetest

woman you ever saw—fact is, I stole her; but she didn't mind that, and we lived happily for just two years, when she and her new-born babe died. There's the grave, where you see yonder white headstone under that soft maple. I might have gone back to civilisation had she lived, Mr Caldecott, but after that happened I just stayed right here, and have remained hidden from all my friends, who, doubtless, have long since forgotten my existence. Now, most of these people around me are no better than they should be, and the rest are a great deal worse than the law permits. But what I say "goes," and although I hold no office whatever from the local government, I'm the only man in the Swamp who can maintain a semblance of order and decency. I'm not religious, Mr Caldecott, but I'll give religion its due. It's a fine thing to have, and it generally makes men and women live respectable lives. So for a good many months past it has been on my mind that I ought to get a parson out here on the Swamp, and build a bit of a church, so that these poor wretches, and especially their children who are growing up, may at least have a chance to learn something better than gambling, horse-stealing, and boozing. But I actually didn't know who to approach, and I got to reasoning that if the Lord really cared two straws about Duxbury Swamp, He'd most likely send a parson this way when He got good and ready. It certainly begins to look as if my theory was correct, for here we are, Mr Caldecott; and if you can get along with my house for a while, we'll put up a church of some kind as soon as it can be done.'

Caldecott was delighted, and the result of this chance acquaintance was that, it being Saturday, several placards were written by the clergyman in a bold hand which Dixey caused to be tacked upon sundry fences and trees throughout the settlement of Duxbury Swamp.

The notice itself announcing Sunday services was framed on a unique model, but excited no surprise at Duxbury Swamp—and it served its purpose.

There was a large crowd at John Caldecott's first service, but after the novelty wore off, only the women and children attended. The men did not take to this particular phase of civilisation. They looked upon the parson and his preaching as an unwelcome innovation thrust upon them against their will, though none of them cared to offend Dixey by telling him so, and only the very worst element of the Swamp population attempted by word or deed to make it unpleasant for the minister.

By-and-by a neat church was erected and suitably furnished; which, with Dixey's influential backing, satisfied, for the time being, John Caldecott, who was quite prepared and willing to exercise his soul in patience, feeling assured that in time the little leaven would leaven the whole lump.

It was not long, however, before the sheriff of the straggling county in which Duxbury Swamp is located heard about the church and its energetic pastor, and swore big oaths that if a 'darned parson' could get a foothold in that 'hell hole,' it wasn't decent for a sheriff to stay away longer; and further swore that

the next man in the Swamp that he 'wanted,' he proposed to take, dead or alive.

This announcement on the part of the sheriff soon reached the ears of the vagabond Swampers, and their feelings toward the church (and especially toward Dixey) became more pronounced and vindictive. The three ruffians who had endeavoured to frustrate Caldecott's missionary plans at the outset encouraged this feeling by the oft-repeated statement, 'We told you so!' and, in turn, the outlaws of Duxbury Swamp vowed that if the sheriff should ever make good his word, the church, together with Caldecott and his 'backer,' would suffer.

Sheriff Ryan *did*, shortly afterwards, raid the Swamp, and captured one Ned McCusker for circulating new silver dollars *not* manufactured at the United States Mints; and if Mr McCusker's friends, allies, and confederates did not at once carry out their programme, it was possibly because most of them found it convenient to hie them, temporarily, into quarters beyond the sheriff's jurisdiction.

The date of Sheriff Ryan's raid was of three-fold interest to the Reverend John Caldecott, now fairly established clergyman, for in addition to that startling occurrence, it was the anniversary of his arrival at Duxbury Swamp; and, chiefest of the three circumstances, he received by the tri-weekly mail a postal card from Bishop Briggs, with greetings, and also with a notice that he would make his episcopal visitation in three weeks, when he would be pleased to lay hands upon any candidates desiring the rite of confirmation whom Mr Caldecott might present.

Of course it was very good and kind of the bishop to remember such an outlying and unimportant parish as Duxbury Swamp, and of course John Caldecott and his rather indifferent flock would appreciate a visit from the chief pastor of the diocese; but as to a confirmation class—well, yes, the parson had one candidate in the person of 'Colonel' Dixey. So preparations were made for the bishop's visit.

Now it happened that the identical October morning which saw the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs, D.D., on his Texas pony approaching Duxbury Swamp from the north, saw also three or four hard-looking citizens tramping towards the same goal from the south. They were the men who had thought it discreet to hide for a time from the sheriff; and the first news they heard upon their arrival at their old haunts was that 'that doggoned Dixey was a-going to jine the church.'

'That settles it!' said Ned McCusker's former partner—the response to which remark was a deep and ominous growl.

The little church of St Chrysostom, notwithstanding that it was eight o'clock in the forenoon of a week-day, was crowded to the door—with women and children; the men of Duxbury Swamp were conspicuous by their absence—the tough element looking upon the candidate for confirmation as a traitor to all the time-honoured traditions of the Swamp, as well as the prime mover in a state of affairs that had brought the sheriff boldly into their midst: the rest of the adult males considered



the act of 'jining the church'—any church—as unbecoming any other than a woman or a lunatic; so none of them countenanced the proceedings of the day at St Chrysostom's by their presence.

But the church was crowded, and on one of the front benches sat 'Colonel' Dixey, his gray head bent and his broad shoulders conspicuous above the hats and bonnets of the women.

The bishop, who had arrived on the previous evening, and had spent the night with Caldecott at his lodgings, was tardy in his appearance, and when he did reach the church, he hastily donned his rather shabby robes, and, preceded by Caldecott, at once entered the tiny chancel.

The bishop, evidently tired after his long journey on horseback, sat with his head bowed, while Caldecott went through the order of morning prayer, and scarce changed his position when the rector presented, rather pathetically, his solitary candidate for confirmation.

Then this tall and angular dignity of the church arose and faced the equally tall but much stouter postulant.

'Dost thou here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew'—

Suddenly Bishop Briggs started, turned deathly pale, and paused.

For he recognised in the man before him his old college chum and only enemy, David Morrisson; and Morrisson, knowing that he was recognised, never flinched.

Dixey—or Morrisson, rather—had looked for this moment. He had expected it, had indeed sought it, and had hoped that the recognition would come. He had prepared himself to accept and shoulder the consequences, whatever they might be.

But with Anthony Briggs it was far different. He was momentarily overwhelmed by a flood of bitter memories, and not even his surroundings or the dignity and sacredness of his office could prevent the fearful conflict which almost impelled him to seize this man by the throat. The suppressed anger of over thirty years arose within him, and the wrong of a lifetime seemed to call for swift vengeance even at the very altar. But by a tremendous effort the bishop kept his hands clasped before him: he could not bring scandal upon the church, nor could he afford to spoil the work of John Caldecott in this new parish, or blur the record of his own thirty years' reproachless ministry. Wearing those priestly robes, he was a priest with a priestly mission to perform. Afterwards, when he should have disrobed—afterwards, beyond the walls of the sacred edifice—afterwards—

Mechanically, and as one in a dream, he proceeded with the confirmation office. Probably, measured by a watch, the pause had not lasted two seconds: measured by the two men who so strangely faced each other, a lifetime had been reviewed.

Morrisson knelt upon the altar step; the bishop raised his hands and brought them tremblingly together upon the head of his old enemy.

'Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever; and'—

There was a crash of broken glass at one of the windows, followed by the rattle and bang of pistol-shots, and at the same instant there was a heavy thud as David Morrisson fell dead before the altar.

The outlaw neighbours of the 'Colonel' were avenged—and so was Anthony Briggs.

But the cause of religion received a set-back at Duxbury Swamp from which it has not yet recovered.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE construction of a perfect railway-carriage window is a task which seems as yet to have baffled inventors. Some of them refuse to move when once raised or lowered, others give access to a cutting draught, and most of them rattle in a most noisy manner as the train proceeds. A simplified form of window, which seems to do away with these inconveniences, has been devised by Mr W. R. Pape of Newcastle, who is the inventor of the choke bore for sporting-guns. The Pape window has attached by arms to the lower part of the frame a couple of rollers, made of brass tube covered with india-rubber. As the window is drawn up or down, these rollers revolve against each other, and exclude all draughts and cold air. It is possible also by their aid to fix the window at any point required, the usual leather strap being altogether dispensed with. The only point about which we feel doubtful is the employment of india-rubber, for rubber will not stand such extremes of temperature as a railway carriage is exposed to. Possibly some preparation of cellulose would better answer the purpose.

It is not generally known that stone, like wood, requires a period of seasoning, if we are to expect the most lasting results from its use. Stone, as it comes from the living rock, is far from having the stability with which it is credited. It has recently been pointed out in the *Scientific American*, that while a cubic foot of compact granite will weigh about one hundred and sixty-four pounds, the same bulk of iron will weigh three hundred pounds more. This clearly shows that the particles composing this granite are separated by air-spaces in which moisture can collect. Every good architect knows that the seasoning of stone is necessary, and it may be that the quick deterioration of some of our modern buildings is due to neglect of this precaution.

The light-weight, rapid-fire Maxim gun, as recently improved, is a terrible instrument of destruction, and places in the hands of one man a means of wholesale slaughter which is positively awful to contemplate. The gun weighs complete, with all necessary fittings, only forty-five pounds—that is, one-fifth of the weight of a sack of coals—and can therefore be easily carried on a man's back. When in use, the gun is mounted upon a tripod stand, and it will fire from six to seven hundred shots per minute, at an effective range of nearly two miles. The long range of modern arms generally will, it is believed, render necessary

some modified regulations as to the treatment of the wounded on the field of battle. During the recent Chino-Japanese war, the casualties among medical men and others tending the wounded amounted to the extraordinary proportion of four per cent. of the entire total. It will be a difficult matter to convey wounded men farther to the rear than at present; but this must be done, or the doctors must run almost as much risk as the active combatants.

Mr Charles Davison of Birmingham is compiling a history of British Earthquakes during the nineteenth century, and is anxious for any items which may contribute to its completeness. Most persons in this country have, happily, but a vague idea what an earthquake shock is like, although plenty of minor disturbances of the kind have been recorded. The most remarkable event of the kind which has occurred within recent years was the earthquake which shook the eastern counties, and was distinctly felt in London in April 1884. This shock was powerful enough to bring down a church-steeple at Colchester, and to wreck hundreds of roofs and chimneys. In 1868 there was a shock which was graphically described by Charles Dickens 'as if a big dog was under the bed, and trying to raise it with its back.' Going back to earlier times, we find that, in 1750, London was for some weeks in a state of panic owing to earthquake alarms. The year 1580 also stands out as being memorable for an earthquake which set all the metropolitan church bells ringing, and brought down masses of stone from some of their towers.

A curious exhibition has recently been given in London under the title 'Colour Music,' which is defined as a new art. Its promoter starts with the assumption that there is a complete analogy between sound and light; that as both are produced by vibrations, the spectrum can be split up, like the musical octave, into so many distinct parts, and that the colour of each of those parts may be associated with a particular note. Thus C will be red, and its octave, with double the number of vibrations, will be violet. By means of a keyed instrument, in which each key causes a certain colour to be projected upon a screen by a lantern, various tints are made to blend together, while at the same time a musical instrument furnishes the corresponding sounds. The theory is an ingenious one, but it will not bear scientific scrutiny.

According to the *Chemical Trade Journal*, the supply of gutta-percha promises to be far more certain than heretofore, owing to an improved method of extracting the gum. It has hitherto been the custom to cut down a tree in order to secure its valuable produce, a tree of from twenty-five to thirty years' growth yielding about one catty of gutta-percha. This procedure is equivalent to killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. M. Hourant, of Sarawak, has adopted the new plan of plucking the leaves and extracting the gum from them, in which case the product is purer and more plentiful than under the old destructive system. It has also been found that saplings from the roots of trees already cut down are serviceable in yielding leaves for after treatment.

The Select Committee which has been inquiring into the question of our existing weights and measures, and any desirable changes which might be introduced into them, have issued their Report, in which they recommend the adoption of the metrical system; and they believe that this course would greatly tend to make that method universal. They recommend 'that the metrical system of weights and measures be at once legalised for all purposes; that after the lapse of two years the metrical system be rendered compulsory by Act of Parliament; that the metrical system be taught in all elementary schools as a necessary and integral part of arithmetic; and that decimals be introduced at an earlier period of the school curriculum than is the case at present.' The sooner these recommendations are carried into effect, the better for the commerce of this country; but experience teaches that the Report of a Select Committee, however valuable it may be, is not very quickly followed by parliamentary endorsement.

Most forms of incandescent gas-lamps, and nearly all jets used for heating or cooking, depend primarily upon the Bunsen form of burner which utilises a mixture of gas and air, and gives the familiar blue flame. A great improvement in such burners has recently been patented by M. Denayrouze, the new method consisting in providing a means of mixing more intimately the particles of gas and air before they come to the point of combustion. In the first form of Denayrouze lamp this was brought about by means of a fan worked by clockwork or electricity; but now the device has been simplified by inserting in the lower part of the lamp an Archimedean screw which churns up the mixture of gas and air, and is worked by a fan set in motion by the heated air which proceeds from the lamp itself. The light and heat are said to be almost doubled by this device, and sanguine hopes are entertained regarding its importance to gas consumers.

Another great improvement is indicated in Duke's method of automatically lighting gas-burners, which will be welcomed by all—except, perhaps, the manufacturers of matches. Many ways of lighting gas have been devised, most of them being based upon the possibility of causing an electric spark to pass or a wire to become heated by electricity in the neighbourhood of the issuing gas; but this is a purely chemical method, and the sole apparatus required is a small attachment to the ordinary burner. This consists of a tube about one inch in length, carrying at its top a plug of porous material, in the interstices of which finely divided platinum (platinum black) has been deposited. From the centre of the cap projects a thin platinum wire which is bent over towards the orifice in the burner. Directly the gas-tap is turned on, the platinum black begins to glow, its incandescence being aided by the draught of air created in its tube. The attached wire becomes white hot, and the gas ignites. The invention has been cleverly thought out, and is sure to meet with universal recognition. It will not only do away with the employment of matches for gas-lighting, but will obviate the use of pilot-lights and bye-passes.

A curious and historic ceremony took place recently at Fécamp, a well-known watering-place in Normandy. Here once stood the abbey at which the widely celebrated liqueur *Bénédictine* was first manufactured in 1510 by the Monte Vincelli. At first, the cordial, which has since become so famous, was used by the monks as a restorative when over-fatigued, and they carried it on their visits to the sick as a valuable medicine. In this way it soon became popular, and the virtues of the delicious liqueur were extolled far and wide. At the outbreak of the French Revolution the unfortunate monks were forced to leave their beloved abbey, which was destroyed by the mob, all but the noble church. In this way the manufacture of *Bénédictine*, after a reputation extending over three centuries, came to an abrupt end. But in 1862 M. A. Le Grand became possessed of the archives of the late abbey, and found among them a paper yellowed with age upon which was some faint writing. This proved to be the secret recipe, which had been so jealously and successfully guarded by the monks in past times, by which *Bénédictine* was compounded. A company was immediately formed by the energetic discoverer of the secret, and the manufacture of *Bénédictine* once more started on a sound commercial basis. The distillery was destroyed by fire three years ago, and Fécamp has just been inaugurating the new buildings raised above its ashes.

It has been jokingly said that if a railway director were carried in front of every engine, there would be no more collisions. In the same way it might be asserted that, if a yacht with seven members of the House of Commons on board were steered direct for a floating derelict, something would quickly be done by Parliament to remove or destroy those perils of the sea. And this object lesson in derelicts has actually been given to seven members of our legislature, one of whom, writing to the *Times*, described how 'we came upon a wooden derelict of about two hundred and fifty tons right in our track. Had we come upon this great danger of the deep but a few hours sooner (the incident occurred at nine o'clock in the morning), in all probability none of us would have been alive to tell the tale.' Curiously enough, the object lesson was given to those best qualified to measure the great danger incurred, for of the seven members of Parliament on board the yacht, three were shipowners, and two were shipbuilders, whilst among the remainder of the party was an admiral.

At the Dairy Conference held lately in Lancashire, an important paper on the milk-supply of towns was read by Mr C. Middleton, a well-known dairy-farmer. He tells us that hitherto the dairy-farmer has not suffered like his brethren the corn-growers or the cattle-raisers, for the price of milk has not fallen like that of other farm-produce. But there are indications that this will not last. Unscrupulous traders are selling separated milk as whole milk; and in London alone, it is stated upon good authority, thousands of gallons are thus disposed of daily to the injury of the honest dealers. Margarine and similar mixtures are largely sold as butter, so reducing the selling

value of the genuine article. Frozen milk is being imported from Sweden, and fresh milk from Holland; other countries are preparing to follow suit, and this trade may at any moment assume enormous dimensions. There is no examination of this foreign milk, and the consumer has no means of knowing whether it is free from the germs of disease. The railway companies, it is complained, give the same preferential treatment to the carriage of this milk as they do to every other commodity sent by the foreign farmer. It is reasonably contended that milk of foreign origin should be so labelled, in order that the consumer may know what he is buying.

A New York journal sings the praises of paper pulp as a most useful article, which should be within reach of every household; and it would certainly seem from this list of virtues with which it is credited that it would be well to be able to obtain it retail. Mixed with glue and plaster of Paris, or Portland cement, it is the best thing to stop cracks and breaks in wood. The pulp should be kept in a closely stoppered bottle, and should be thinned to the consistency of thin gruel with hot water just before use, when the plaster or other material is added to bring it into a pasty condition. A water-pipe broken by the frost can be readily mended by wrapping round the fracture with cheese-cloth, and dressing the joint outside the cloth with the pulp compound. When once thoroughly hardened, the strength of this cement is enormous. Sawdust boiled with paper pulp, with glue and linseed-oil added, makes a good fitting for cracks in floors, and there are many other uses for which pulp in some form or other would be found valuable in the household.

A new industry seems to be foreshadowed in the production of artificial cotton yarn from wood pulp, the finished article imitating the genuine product closely with regard to softness, lustre, and strength. The wood of the spruce or the pine is preferred for the purpose, and after being defibrated, it is bleached in the usual manner. The product is next treated with a mixture of zinc chloride, castor-oil, and gelatine, and is reduced to strands and rubbed into threads, when it assumes much the appearance of cotton yarn.

With the advent of rapid-fire guns for naval use, it became evident that something more than water-tight compartments was required to protect a ship's side against shot-holes; and the plan generally adopted is that of the copper dam, or double skin, packed with some material which, after passage of a projectile, would expand and seal the wound against intrusion of water. The material adopted in the British navy has been a mixture of cork and oakum, and in the case of H.M.S. *Inflexible*, the total amount of packing aggregates in weight no less than one hundred and forty-three tons. In the United States navy, the same duty has been fulfilled by the use of cellulose obtained from the husks of cocoa-nuts. Recently, however, a better material has been found in the pith of corn-stalks, which has been granulated by machinery. In recent trials it was shown that this material kept the water out after

passage of a shot most efficiently. The pith is about one-sixth the weight, bulk for bulk, of the mixture of oakum and cork.

### THE PROSPECTS OF OUR DESCENDANTS IN REGARD TO STATURE.

THE question whether men of the present time are in general taller or shorter than their predecessors has been answered by different people in diametrically opposite ways. The followers of the theory of degeneration—the ancient theory, as it may be termed—maintain that in the far distant past men were of a stature greatly exceeding what is usual nowadays. In corroboration of their theory they appeal to the writings of old authors of various nationalities, and undoubtedly they receive strong support from such writings. In the Bible we read of the sons of Anak, of the Emims, and of others of gigantic proportions; Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, and other Greeks of note tell us that the heroes of old far excelled later generations in size and strength; and Virgil was convinced that the men of his time were but pigmies compared with their ancestors. It will be sufficient to give these instances, but examples might be multiplied to any extent, for in the legends, traditions, and early writings of all, or nearly all, the races of mankind figure heroes or demi-gods of a stature far beyond that of any men at present in existence. The followers of the theory of increase—which may be called the modern theory—contend, on the other hand, that the average height of mankind has been slowly but steadily rising; and as one of the evidences of the truth of their contention they point to the armour of the middle ages, of which a great quantity is preserved in different places, and certainly appears small to modern eyes.

In this conflict of opinion it is fortunate that there now exists in regard to one country, namely France, information which removes this matter from the region of mere speculation, and enables us to arrive at conclusions which we may feel assured are accurate. This information is as follows:

(a) The measurements made by Dr Rahon of the bones of various ancient peoples collected from all parts of France. The following are the results arrived at by him:

#### I. QUATERNARY PERIOD.

5 males, average height, 1·629 mètres.

#### II. NEOLITHIC PERIOD.

429 males, average height, 1·625 mètres.

189 females, " " 1·506 "

#### III. EARLY HISTORIC PERIOD. (*Gauls, Franks, &c.*)

215 males, average height, 1·662 mètres.

39 females, " " 1·539 "

#### IV. PARISIANS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

434 males, average height, 1·656 mètres.

147 females, " " 1·555 "

(b) The measurements made by Dr Manouvrier. This scientist, after examining the bones of 205 men and 119 women dissected in the Paris School of Medicine, found that the average height of the men was 1·650 mètres, and of the women, 1·528 mètres.

(c) The average heights of men and women,

as ascertained by the Criminal Investigation Department. These are respectively 1·648 mètres and 1·545 mètres.

(d) The average height of men, as ascertained in recruiting for the army. This is 1·648 mètres.

Assuming, as we have every right to do, that this information is correct, we arrive at the conclusions set out below. These, it must be carefully remembered, are only directly applicable to France; but inasmuch as there seems to be no reason to suppose that the people of France are exceptional in this respect, we may apply them provisionally to other nations. The following are the conclusions:

(i.) The prehistoric peoples were not of vast proportions, but were, on the contrary, somewhat shorter than the men and women of the present day.

(ii.) Modern men and women are slightly, but only slightly, inferior in height to their forerunners of early historic times and the middle ages.

(iii.) During three thousand years the stature of mankind has not greatly altered, and it stands at present nearly half-way between the highest and lowest points which it has touched during that long period. The average French recruit is 5 feet 4½ inches in height; the man of the early historic period (the tallest period) was not quite 5 feet 5½ inches.

What, then, are the prospects of our descendants? If we may judge of the future by the experience of the past, it is clearly probable that they will not differ materially from us in height. At one period they may be somewhat taller, at another somewhat shorter, but it is unlikely that any radical change in the stature of mankind will ever take place.

### A SONNET.

WITH love's uncertain strife my heart is torn,  
Yet would I not be spared one hour of pain,  
Still knowing that my suffering is gain,  
Nor shall the years leave me at last forlorn.  
There is a joy known but to those who mourn;  
Silence and tears and partings are not vain;  
Love's selfishness by love's delay is slain,  
And patient strength of patient love is born.  
'Tis in the lonely darkness of the night  
That dewdrops gather on the sleeping flower,  
That knoweth not their virtue till the hour  
When o'er the earth there streams the morning light;  
So love in shadowed silence gathers power  
For worthier service when the sky is bright.

PERCY GALLARD.

### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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